GREECE IN HOLIDAY DRESS.

From Athens to Megara Through One of Nature's Beautiful Panoramas.

MOUNTAIN, SEA AND PLAIN.

Where the Atmosphere is Like the Nectar of the Gods-Megara in Myth and History-The Trata Dance.

ATHENS, May 10 .- [Special to THE BEE.]-Easter Tuesday was a rare day even as days go in the Attic spring time, and every note of nature was an invitation out of doors. Notwithstanding her panathenæa at home, all Athens seemed bent on emptying itself into the country. Steam yachts were plying from Piracus throv th the straights of Salamis and the Bay of Elcusis to Megara, and the Peloponnesian railway trebled its train service to the same destination. It seemed an English bank holiday

TRANSLATED INTO GREEK. With a multitude or them that kept holiday, I left Athens by an early morning train. It is only twenty miles to Megara as the crow flies, but Greek engineers, with a proper respect for nature's laws, have made it more than thirty. Instead of pushing west through the pass of Daphne, thus securing an almost straight line to Eleusis, the railway bears due north some six miles to take advantage of the little valley opening between Ægaleos and Parnes from the Attic into the Eleusinlan or Thriasian plain. Leaving the station, hard by Colonas and the academy, we sped through miles of olive groves bereaching the open country. Not far from Menidhi, the ancient Acharnae familiar to readers of Aristophanes, we swing to the west around Corydallus (the mountain of the crested lark), in which old Aegaleos ends, and find ourselves close under the rocky range of Parnes. Emerging from the valley into the Thriasian plain, there bursts upon us a glorious view of the bay of Eleusis, the island of Salamis, and the mountains of Megara: and this view with ever-changing aspects feasts the eye even to our journey's end. To say nothing of historical association, forgetting even the name of Greece, the way is one long enchantment. The charm of nature's combinations-plain, mountain and sea, with this tender, overbrooding sky and an atmosphere that at times seems to hold in solution the very acctar and ambrosia of the gods-this charm ls, within my own observation, unique, and get in Greece it haunts you everywhere. The mountains are always round about you, and there is scarce a mountain which does not refresh you with sight and smell of the sea. True, the days are not all perfection, but in the main from October to May they BREATHE OF BALM AND WINE,

For this day, at least, the gods seemed bent on making amends to old Megara for her de-parted glory. And well they might, for Megara is the very Ichabod of ancient cities. Magnificence and meanness, these are the ex-tremes of a city history that stretches over 8,000 years. Founded (according to tradition) 1100 B. C., she attained her prime four or five centuries later, became the mother of great colonies—among them Byzantine, now Constantinople; sent twenty triremes to Salamis, and 3,000 men □to Plataca. Standing on the narrow highway from Sparta to Athens she felt every shock of the long conflict between Dorian and Ionian Greece; and after ages of decline and darkness we see her pillaged by Alaric in the fourth century and at last practically destroyed by the Venetians in 1687, the same unlucky year in which they blew up the Parthenon.

So much for history. Of glorious legend old Greece had little that did not at some point touch Megara.

She had her own tradition of the deluge. Megaros, son of Zens by one of the Sithnidian nymphs, escaped Deucalion's flood by swim-

ming to yonder heights guided by the cry of cranes (geranoi)—hence Mount Geraneia.

She had her Cithæronian lion which, after a surfeit of every-day Megarians, finally made a meal of the heir apparent. So King Megareus got out of patience and offered his daughter and his throne to who would slay the beast. Then along comes Alcathoos, son of Pelops, takes the contract and closes out the business before his brother-in-law (that might have been) is half digested. There can be no doubt of the authenticity of these facts, for Pausanias, who visited Megara some seventeen hundred years before I was there, saw the temple the lucky lion-killer erected to Artemis and Apollo on that occasion. Yet I am bound to admit that an pld Megarian dame to whom I put some ques tions on the subject knew no more about it

THE AVERAGE NEBRASKAN, knows of Coronado's invasion. Megara, too, had her little trouble with King Minds, who came over from Crete and pulled down her walls. Has there ever been a time when Crete was not making it hot for somebody somewhere! However, this Cretan spirit must have been under the patronge of the masses. We owe to it one of the prettiest bits of veritable history. For Alcathoos, going about to rebuild his walls, Apollo lent a mand—both hands, in fact, since he laid down his ware on a certain stone the while. Paushis lare on a certain stone the while. Paus anias saw the stone. There could be no doubt of it, for, he says, when one smote it with a ebble it gave back the notes of a lyre. pebble it gaye back the notes of a lyre. And the delighted old globe-trotter goes on to gos-sip about the lyric melody of Egyptian Mem-non when smitten by the sunrise. Somebody should set Dr. Schliemann on the scent of that stone. Its recovery would make an

that stone. Its recovery would make an epoch in the history of music.

But why dwell on the Megarian myths of Adrastus, of Tereus, of Hyllus son of Hercules, of Hippolyte and her Amazons, of Alemene, of Iphigenia; all their tombs were here. Still I cannot forbear tickling every true Homeric diaphragm with one more touch of oid Pausanias: And Agamemnon built here a shrine for Artemis when he came to pursuade Calchas, who dwelt in Megara, to follow him to Troy. I am sure every thumber of the Iliad remembers the old seer kindly along of the terrible screpent and the twittering of the swallow brood. I, at least, felt more at home in Megara on his account. felt more at home in Megara on his account. Far more than from the fact that Hyperion, son of Agamemnon, was Megara's last king—a king so proud and greedy that at last the people slew him and thenceforth took turns annually in

RUNNING THE TOWN THEMSELVES. As the whole territory could have been lost within the present city limits of Omaha. It hardly required a continental order of state-

But it is time to turn from the mythical to the matter-of-fact Megaru, into which a nine-teenth century locomotive is whirling us as we dream. A somewhat irregular plain, six or seven miles in length and breadth, with a or seven miles in length and breadth, with a mountain wall on three sides, and the Saronic gulf closing the circuit on the south. A mile or more back from the gulf, springing from the midst of this plain and bearing from east to west, is a leng, low ridge, cleft apart so as to form two citadels. Such is the plain and site of Megara, allke in her old magnificence and her modern meanness. In the great days of old parallel walls connected the city with of old parallel walls connected the city with its port, Nisaca, as the long walls linked Athens and Piracus, and the twin citadels must have shone with strength and splendor. Even in its decline Pausanias fills twelve pages of his Periegesis to catalogue its still nduring monuments; the fountain Theagenes, with its massive marble colon nades; Prytaneum and the council house hereic tombs and trophics; nineteen splendid shrines and temples adorned with master works in gold and ivory and ebony, as well as the oldest sculptured stones the traveler has ever seen. There were the twelve gods

FROM THE CHISEL OF PRANTELES, the Muses of Lysippus, the group of Eros, Himeros and Pothos—the passions of the soul projected on marble by Scopas, while Phidias himself had wrought upon the

while Phidias himself had wrought upon the Olympian Zeus, whose face was of gold and livery, though the rest was only clay and plaster—the Peloponnesian war having arrested the unfinished work.

Adding to this account of Pausanias what Isocrates had said five or six centuries earlier, namely, that Megara possessed the largest housef in Greece, and we have a picture of a great and prosperous and splendid ture of a great and prosperous and splendid city. We can understand how she could so long maintain her claim to Salamis against

the power of Athens—maintain it so effectively, indeed, and so sorely for Athens that the latter had to make it a capital offense for any citizen to reopen the question, until Solou, feigning madness, fired the Athenian heart to a last victorious endeavor. Now, too, we understand how Megara should have been the method of the state of the sta been the mother of comedy, produced one of the great elegine poets, and developed her own school of philosophy. Susarton, Theog-nis, Euclid, were all of Megara. And what architecture and sculpture and painting must have flourished here is a necessary inference. Cities are not built and beautified from with out, but from within.

out, but from within.

And what remains of it all? The mountains are there, and the plain and the sea. The long, low ridge, cleft in twain, still forms the twin citadel of Megara. But vanished are trophy and statue and temple and colonnade and stately dwelling. It was the Megarians of whom Diogenes said that "They are as if they were to die the next day and built as if they they were to live forever;" yet the maw of

WAS DIGESTED THEM

and all their works. Down in the plain is a and all their works. Down in the plain is a railway station. Between it and the acropolis a mass of mean houses, very few of them attaining the dignity of an upper story and fit for human habitation. Around the little Agora is a long, low, rambling inn, such as one might find in a secluded New England village, and some cafes, and near by a big, foriorn Greek church. The citadel, that shone with marble, is now terraced with hovels. with marble, is now terraced with hovels, the flat roofs of one terrace forming the door-yards of its next neighbor above, and so on to the summit. Streets there are none—goat paths only; and one gets delightfully wound paths only; and one gets delightfully wound up as he seeks to thread his way through this open-air labyrinth. Once at the head of navigation, however, he gets his pay. From the top of the topmost houses the prospect is worthy of "Megara the Magnificent." For God's handiwork endures; every wrinkle of the mountains, every dimple of the sea, every smile of the sunny overbrooding sky that warmed my heart today—did they not tickle the diaphragm of old Calchas thirty centuries. the diaphragm of old Calchas thirty centuries ago as from this spot he watched the birds in their flight and took their infallible advice

their flight and took their infallible advice about following Agamemnon to Troy! I look off toward the Mountain of the Cranes, and—do 1 dream!—there are the Sithnidian nymphs, all tripping it together in the green plain below. For a single day

POOR OLD MEGARA RENEWS HER YOUTH and thrills with a spasm of ancient splendor and thrills with a spasm of ancient splendor. From a rocky amphitheater unmarred by any touch of art, modern Greece, Europe and America, arrayed in the apparel of the nineteenth century, look on; and this is what they perceive: A garden of asphodel and anemone and mone-so-pretty, a symphony of color and movement and music; a human harmony that blends with every touch and time and time frature. It is impressible to tone and tint of nature. It is impossible to imagine Sithnidian nymphs more exquisitely fitting their environment than these maidens of Megara today as they thread the mazes of the Trata. Study them well, for King Solomon in all his glory was never arrayed like one of these—no, nor the queen of Sheba, either. Comely they look and modest and wholesome, and I can youch their soundness of lung and limb. For dancing from early morning, I left them apparently as fresh at sunset as they were at dawn. Of ball-room beauty there is not a trace—bad luck to the ball room. The grace of limb and flush of cheek owe nothing to the dancing master and the druggist. They come of healthful labor in the fields: for Megara feeds her 5,000 souls in no other way and her wormen

ARE ALL BREAD WINNERS. Tending clive plants at home and clive plants a-field, no wonder they come to be 'fashioned after the similitude of a palace;' or take on some of the flexibility and flavor of the vines they dress; some of the agile grace of the goats they tend and even fold under the same ow roof which affords their own rude shell And, by the way, the goat of Greece of fends neither nose nor eyes; he is quite fit to claim kinship, and not too remote, with the gazelle.

So much for the daughters of Megara as works of nature. Contemplate them now as works of art. And I should have reserved Solomon and Sheba for this crisis, for I quite despair of catching for you even a glint of the glory. My friend Doane, who took forty shots at them with his Kodak, could do it better; Rubens alone could do it well.

These women who work in the fields and lodge with their goats array themselves this day of the year in purple and fine linen-yea, day of the year in purple and fine linen—yea, in silk and silver and gold, some of them in pearls and precious stones. Here is the type: Headdress of silver and gold gleaming through a silken searf which falls down the back to the waist in graceful drapery; jacket of rich dark cloth or velvet, epauletted and lavishly embroidered in gold, showing white vest in front; short dark waist clinging crimped about the form; pure white skirt crimped about the form; pure white skir reaching to the ankles; half-sandal slippers of rich material and embroidery. So for out-line; now for a touch of color: The headdress is a sort of national savings bank. It is a helmet waven of nothing in the world but gold and sliver coin—the frontlet usually of Byzantine gold, all the rest of Greek half-drachmae, which answer closely to our dime except that they are trainner and more artistic. Over this helmet, which really covers the head instead of perching like a butterfly upon it, is thrown the scarf of white or yellow silk, wonderfully embroidered, with sometimes also a fringe of coin, while a great pendant of coin often falls from the scarf-ends or finishes off the braided-tresses at the waist. The white vest, too, is often in effect, a breastplate of gold and silver coin, with now and then a flashing gem. Such is the

Megara maiden, AT THE TOP OF HER GLORY, and the type holds good down to the little lassies of ten or twelve, not one of them without her silver helmet. How many hundreds of them I saw, ripe or budding, I cannot say but I fancied that half the coined money of the realm was dancing at the Megara, Fair—title realm was dancing at the mer but or the real. not in the pockets of the men, but on the per-sons of the women.

And now that we approach the dance itself, And now that we appreciate the dance itself, I have no art to guide me—my education having left the very alphabet of the subject an Eleusinian mystery. I speak of it only as Sitting Bull might discuss the ethics of Aristotle; it is in the course and I cannot get around it. Along this level winding road and overflowing on the grassy plain a great stretch of silver-helmeted women, maidens, girls, lassies (ripe peaches down to tender buds)— here a circle with viol and flute at centre; there a chain of two dozen interlacing links there a chain of two dozen interfacing links; another circle and another chain; chain and circle again—till the long stretch ends with the very smallest lassies that ever covered themselves with silver and danced upon the green. And what are they dancing! The Megarian gallants in spotless petticeats who look on with watering mouths and calculating eves—for is not this a matrimonal fair, will eyes—for is not this a matrimonial fair?—will tell you the Trata. And now you know as much about it as I do after consulting my Greek lexicons and my Greek friends. At least, of positive knowledge I can only add this: Trata is a fisherman's boat with its nets doing business in the deep. And its a very good word, both in the first and second intention, for our long chain and second intention, for our long chain of dances in its evolutions amid the crowd of onlookers—no one clearing the way—swings round and gathers them in somewhat as the seine snares its finny game. The while they sing a queer piping note for all the world

LIKE THE HOMERIC KATYDID. I could not make out a word put it might

well have been: There are as good fish in the sea, As ever yet were caught. As ever yet were caught.

I have no doubt in the good old days this panegyris was a public pairing-off and the maid who wore the most money won first choice. With the advance of civilization—and the Megara still looks forward to the and the Megara still looks forward to the middle ages—this naivete caught a slight cold and now young Odysseus only takes an inventory on the spot and makes his bargain with Penelope (or her parents, rather) afterward. It comes to the same thing no doubt. Penelope dances in her dowry and the panegyris is a matrimonial fair. But dance with Odysseus she cannot. In a few instances only law men dancing in a mades circle but I saw men dancing in a maiden circle, but there is no touch of hands, he holds one end of a handkerchief, the other end is held by his fair partner. Beauty keeps the beast at arm's length and a handkerchief more. I am arm's length and a handkerchief more. I am told the law enforces this modesty. The old Greeks did not waitz. Had any lewd fellow ventured to introduce that whirl, they would have made short work of him—waitzed him into the Barathron, no doubt, as the gentlemen Xerxes sent for earth and water. It is a nity we have no Barathron.

men Nerxes sent for earth and water. It is a pity we have no Barathron.

The men dance together, and not to the lascivious pleasing of the lute. It is the ancient pyrrhic introduced late Greece by the son of Achilles, some say by the Corybantes. Originally a dance in arms representing attack and defense, it was the chief feature of the oid Panathenaea, and Phrynichus, they say, was once given the chief command of the athenian forces because of his skill in performing it. Clarke, who saw it danced at Naupha early in this century, thus describes it: "It consists of men armed with sabres it: "It consists of men armed with sabres it: "It consists of men armed with sabres of man described it." Omaha, Nebraska.

THE BACCHANTES THEMSELVES. could hardly have outleaped one of these Me-garian bucks with a glass half-full of retsi-nato poised on his head.

Over and above the public dances which at

3 o'clock were adjourned from the country side to the little agora, where they were still in full swing at sunset, I caught pleasant glimpses of private rehersals. Among them this: Standing on a flat housetop near the summit of the main citadel, I watch half a dozen fine fellows practicing the pyrrhic in the adjoining court. As I look on, the young master of the house, a soldier, brings me the inevitable pitcher of retsinato and in the most natural way in the world invites me to pucker. Refusal would have been a gross incivility, and I proceed to wet my lips. This beverage, a cheap wine with a large infusion of resin, is the liquor of the country; outside of Athens it is that or water. It is persimment to the unsophisticated, and I could imagine no better antidote for inebriety. The resin is put in to make the wine keep, and it would keep a long time if it waited for me to drink it.

I am not aware that I have yet seen A GREEK DRUNK, but I saw a few comfortably mellow at Me-gara. And I make this note: Whereas, we know wine is a quarrelsome creature (vide Shakespeare as well as Solomon), a Greek nellow with retsinato is the most amiable being under the sun. Put a pair of them together and their kisses and caresses will as-tonish you. The effusion of two boarding-school misses just united after the long vacation is chilly in comparison. But it is not a wholesome spectacle nor without its lesson for the student of old Greek life.

As I thread my way down the Acroplis by he goat paths, thinking nothing but a wheelbarrow could navigate them, a vision of the barrow could navigate them, a vision of the nineteenth century flashes before my oyes; it is a bicycle whirling, an Austrian tourist through Greece. That was to Megara a stranger spectacle than Megara to us. Anyway, the moment it appeared all the Megarian urchins—and there are shoals of them—broke from the Agora and flung themselves pell-mell after it. And the last I saw of that wheel it was spinning the last I saw of that wheel it was spinning out of Megara with a procession behind it like that once led off by the Pied Piper of And so, without waiting to see the moun-

And so, without waiting to see the mountains open, I take the sunset train to Athens in the genial company of the Schliemanns, and thus round to a happy close a day unique even in my bright Hellenic calendar.

Inving J. Manatt. The dank and decaying vegetation of re-gions newly cleared of timber, exposed to the rays of the sun, is sure to breed malaria. Dr. J. H. McLean's Chills and Fever Cure, by

mild and gentle action will radically cure. 50 CATAMOUNT BILL.

He Notched His Revolver and Was a Terror with His Mouth.

Norden, Neb., June 5 .- [Special to The BEE.]-The discovery near the mouth of the Plum, on the Niobrara river, of a skull, thigh oone and a rusty, water-stained, old style Colts revolver, with twenty-nine notches filed on the barrel, probably reveals the final resting place of William Stebbins, better mown to old-timers as "Catamount Bill," the high pressure liar of the northwest."

From "Pap" Woodson, a veteran on the rontier, your correspondent gleaned a few facts concerning the checkered career of "Catamount B.," etc., on the "creek," as the Niobrara was called in those days.

"It is about twenty years since I first be came acquainted with 'Catamount,'" remarked "Pap," as he shifted a quarter of a pound of "long green" to the opposite side of his mouth. "He struck our camp, near Tunnel Rock, on one of the meanest nights it has ever been my luck to be out in. It was early in the spring aid it had been raining all day. Myself and two pards were sinched to the camp-fire trying to keep warm when suddenly one of the gaukiest looking specimens of humanity that ever wore legs stemed into the fare of the camp-fire. There came acquainted with 'Catamount,' " restepped into the flare of the camp-fire. There was a general movement on our part for weapons, but the stranger unbuckled a smile that made one of our bronchos, who happened to eatch a glimpse of it, break his picket rope, and said, 'Don't be alarmed, gentlemen, I'm harmless; also d-d hungry!' We turned him loose on the grub box and he cat like a bound boy at a husking bee. After lowering our provisions to a frightful extent he lit his ipe and joined our circle around the fire. sized him up to be about thirty years old. He was tall, thin and had hair, the color of a sage hen, that straggled down over his shoulders three or four inches. His face was freekled, and his eyes a mottled gray, and they bulged out like an owl's. He had a nose like a hawk and a mouth that s eaned to reach from ear to ear. Wen he laughed it gave a person an uncom for_table impression that unless he hobbled laws he was in danger of uncoupling his his jaws he was in danger of uncoupling his h a d. He wore a pair of buckskin pants that had evidently been picked before they were ripe, and they lacked three inches of making connections with the moccasins on his feet. A long-tailed coat covered his bony frame and a small coonskin cap was perched on the side of his head in a rakish manner. Thrust in a rawhide belt was the afterwards famous "matched" revolver. He was about the "notched" revolver. He was about the strangest looking duck that had ever struck

"Catamount," continued Pap, "remained with us for some time and then palled his freight up the creek. We liked the whelp, but he kept his tongue a wagging so infernal much that we were afraid he would hoodoo much that we were afraid he would hoodoo all the game in that vicinity, and he was such a spontaneous, vivid and entertaining flar that we really hated to see him go. When he struck our camp he had seven notches flied on the barrel of his revolver. He returned in a few weeks and proudly exhibited five additional notches. And then we discovered that we had been entertaining a destroying angle many ares entertaining a destroying angel unawares. According to his story, each notch in his trusty gun represented the death wail of a Sioux warrior. He gave it out that he was a bold, bad man from beyond way back, and claimed that he was fouled at the headquarclaimed that he was fouled at the headquar-ters of Bitter Creek and claimed that he had crimsoned both babks of that stream to its mouth with the life blood of many, many braves of the great Sioux nation. If any-body doubted his gory tale he would show them the notches. 'Cat' got kind of fuzz-like one day by a side remark that old Jone Ecker dove-tailed into one of his oratorical efforts. Jone observed that all 'Cat' needed to wipe out the balance of the Sioux tribe was a long breath and a new file. was a long breath and a new file.

was a long breath and a new file.

"Game was abundant that season," said Pap, "and we had our hands full. 'Cat' was with us part of the time and done a little work, but seemed to prefer roving around. According to his story he 'planted' an Indian about every week—and had the notches to show for it!

"The last I saw of Catamount," continued Pan with a far-away look in his eyes "was "yes."

Pap, with a far-away look in his eyes, "was late in the fall. We were getting about ready to load our traps and plunder and leave for winter quarters when he made us one of his periodical visits. He seemed down-hearted and said he was not feeling well, and that he was thinking some of going back to his old home near Chicago, but hated to return with-out the vide that he was near translet. out the 'pile' that he came west to make. He left our camp at Tunnel Rock in a few days and started down the river in a canoe. If these are his bones, of which I have no doubt, he made a short trip. How he met his death I cannot imagine. Probably was taken sick and died here all alone. Poor Cat, peace to his ashes, and here's luck."

California Excursions.

Pullman tourist sleeping car excur-sions to California and Pacific coast leave Chicago every Thursday, Kansas City every Friday via the Santa Fo route. Ticket rate from Chicago \$47.50, from Sioux City, Omaha, Lincon or Kansas City \$35, sleeping car rate from Chicago \$4 per double berth, from Kansas City \$3 per double Everything furnished except These excursions are personally conducted by experienced excursion managers who accompany parties to destination. For excursion folder con-taining full particulars and map folder and time table of the Santa Fe route and reserving of sleeping car berths, address S. M. Osgood, general agent. E. L. Palmer, traveling agent, A. T. & railroad, 1308 Farnam street,

ANGELS HAVE BLONDE HAIR.

But There Are Many Brunettes Who Only Lack the Wings.

TWO TYPES OF

Dark-Locked Women the More Loving, But the Blondes Are More Clever-Morals and th. Complexion.

(Copyrighted 1800.)

I do not think American women have ever properly appreciated one, at least, of the points of independence offered to them by the peculiarly free condition of American life, and that is, the wide range of complexion and coloring open to them.

And the reason I say the peculiarly free condition of American life, is because there is no other country under heaven whither the children of other lands may so freely resort, and where they may so easily and so soon become, not only adopted sons, but lords of the soil and rulers of the nation. The oliveskinned Spaniard and Italian, the dusky Greek and oriental, the yellow-tinted Slav, the rudly and chestnut-haired nations of middle Europe, and the pale bloodes of Scandinavia and the far north, all, all flock to America as a haven and a hope, and each brings not only his national character, but his national complexion, to throw into

THE GREAT GRAB-BAG held open by Columbia, who invites each of her children to thrust in his or her hand and pull out whatever fortune sends him, or he is clever enough to secure for himself,

Now, if we think of it, here is a birthright worth having. How excessively monotonous it must be to have an inevitable complexion! For a young woman to know for certain that not one of her babies will be able to wear heliotrope, or pale green, or any other of the blonde tints; or for a lover to know that he never can have the delicious privilege of balarcing the merits of black eyes and blue, gray eyes or brown, unless indeed he expatriates himself from his own country, whe rein all the eyes are of one color.

Our American beauty-lover is reduced to no such necessity, for in one walk from the gates of Central park to Madison square he

will probably meet the gaze of bright, or soft, or smiling, or

LIQUID EYES OF EVERY TINT and every shape that the civilized world produces, and not improbably those of sundry

duces, and not improbably those of sundry savages into the bargain.

And among them all, which should you think he would be likely to prefer? The answers would be as vagied as the eyes, but I fancy the larger proportion would be like my own, a simple "I don't know."

I once knew an Englishman, of sound opinions in most matters, who declared that all the wickedness of the world emanated from

the wickedness of the world emanated from blonde women. He said that so soon as he saw golden tresses and a milk-and-roses complexion he began to guard himself as he would in presence of a lovely serpent. Women of this coloring he declared were always cruel, treacherous, cold-hearted and mischief-making. In fact, he could not say enough against them, and I always suspected he had had some bitter blonde experience that had warped his judgment.
Then another friend of mine used to aver

that the Lydia Thompson blondes of the corps de ballet bleached their locks and assumed the pearly complexion peculiar to that style because the father of all mischief

liked to thus BURGESQUE THE LIVERY OF HEAVEN. "Then you grant that it is the livery of heaven?" suggested I on one occasion, and other persons being present, a free and pretty heated discussion arese, in which one side heated discussion arcse, in which one side claimed that no artist, no poet, no cestatic re-ligiouse had ever imagined a brown angel. "They always have fluffy golden hair taken off their forcheads by the wind, mild blue eyes and fair skins," remarked a High church young lady who probably had done more angelic art-study and literature than any of as us. "Dil you ever see one?" inquired the

"Did you ever see any one that had seen

"Excuse me, but have you any idea that Raphael or Fra Angelico or any of the angel portrait painters ever had an angelic model!"

"Many of the saints have seen them," calmly replied the young lady, and a mocking "At least one can hardly fancy satan a blonde."

"O. I can!" exclaime I another. "In fact, my idea of Mephistopheles has always been a colorless, haggard complexion, red hair, and very pale-gray eyes, with red lights in them, and the thin, dry sort of figure that goes with that complexion And so the ball was tossed from one to an-other, and on the whole the

BLONDES HAD A HARD TIME OF IT. Somebody quoted the saying of a young beauty whose cherubic face is surmounted by a crown of pure golden hair, whose rich abundance asserts itself in tendrils and fluff abundance asserts itself in tendrils and fluff and lovely shining curls, however she tries to dress it, and who the other day replied to a compliment upon her hair by saying she found it almost impossible to live up to that kind of hair. "One is expected to be so heavenly good, you know," declared she, in conclusion, and this was cited as proof that the blonde was always accepted as the type of virtue and perfection; but some-body else at once declared that this speech showed the young lady to be frivolous, vain, self-conscious, and I know not what besides. The some one audaciously stated that Tennyson sings in "The Princess,"

Bright and fierce and fickle is the south.

Bright and fierce and fickle is the south, And fair and true and tender is the north, and the brane party were discomfitted until some one picked up a Tennyson and found that "fair" had been substituted for "dark." And it seems to me that the whole werld is just as much at variance on this point as

these friends of mine.

Certainly, as we consider the famous beauties and the famous rulers of men and women, we find the vote of history a nearly and evenly balanced one. and evenly balanced one.

Helen of Troy, they say, was a blonde, and Cleopatra was certainly very brunette. Aspasia's golden hair is celebrated, and Phryne is always depicted as an audacious blonde, while Penelope is dark. The Roman ladies bent on conquest bleached their locks and dyed them red, and many a matron as well as maid has dyed her's dark.

But of course, the true grestion is: What

But, of course, the true question is: What temperament goes with blonde or brunette temperament goes with blonde or brunctte coloring? My own experience is that the dark-skinned, dark-eyed, rather stately women of my acquaintaine are those

women of my acquantance are those
Most Easily Understood,
most easily managed and prepared for.
As a rule a large brunette, is timid, physically and morally, self-distrustful, credulous,
very uncomplaining and easily contented.
Among the fair, small, vivid blondes I find
the restless souls who move the world, the
ardent enthusiasts, the femining 'kickers,'
as the word has come to be used, the zenaves as the word has come to be used, the zonaves of the women's army. The blonde has her violent fancies, but seldom a grand passion; she expects to receive quite as much as she gives in devotion, self-sa rifice and consid-eration. She is indeed, often very exacting eration. She is indeed, often very exacting and not infrequently tyramizes very sharply over her so-called lord, but still she makes an excellent wife, for she is alrewd, clever and sees the points of advantage in the social, business or ambitious career of the connu-bial firm a good deal more quickly than her husband will. She is not a very tender wife, however nor count a lorder mether busing however, nor even a tender mother, having too many other strings in hand to give very much attention to baby's leading strings: but her sons grow up to respect her author-ity, and she places her daughters in marriage or in some vocation with a firm and assured

I do not know whether I like her or my gentle, docile brunette the best, and I do not know which to call the best woman, for each

know which to call the best woman, for each is best in her own way.

And after all, the great army of women are neither blonde nor brunette, but mezzo-tinted, with complexions in early youth of peach and cream, rather than milk and reses, or pomegranate and camelia, with brown hair of various shades and grayish blue eyes, and among these women I discover all the virtues and all the vices of both blonde and brunette, and am inclined to think that in

lies between the two extremes, and if I had to choose fifty women to colonize some new Island of Hesperides, I should not choose a single blonde or brunette of pure type, but compose a symphony of mezzo coloring, voices, temperaments, figures, feeling pretty sure that these would blend in a sweeter and more satisfying harmony than the more piquant and piercing tones of the blonde or the sweet monotony of the brunette. And after all, we each one of 1st have personal experiences and personal preferences which bias our judgment in this respect; we love this man or that woman, and for the time we believe that just that style of beauty is the ideal we have always held. We haven't, and by and by we shall smile at our own delusion and flatly contradict our fatuous theories; but lies between the two extremes, and if I had fiatly contradict our fatuous theories; but while it lasts, and even perhaps in memory, we shall cling to the admiration of blonde of

we shall cling to the admiration of blonde of brune in general, because once in particular we loved a blonde or a brune.

Another point to be considered nowadays, however, is, what is her natural coloring!

For so many persons copy Queen Elizabeth, who had 100 wigs as well as 100 gowns, and wore whatever style of complexion she

The ladies of today are not so frank about t, but we most all have watched some start-ing metamorposes in this direction, and I do not kdow why a brunetto who feels herself indowed with a blonde temperament may not express it outwardly and visibly.

So, having discussed the question in all its bearings, we must, after all, "lay it on the table," as our legislators do the questions table," as our legislators do the questions whose true inwardness lies too deep for them, and rest upon the conclusion that as it has been, so it shall be, and we shall all of us consider that style the most charming which clothes the being we most dearly love MRS. FRANK LESLIE.

EDUCATIONAL.

The commencement exercises at Fairfield ellege, Fairfield, Ia, begin today and last intil June 12.

Of the ninety-two teachers in the public schools of Dubuque, Ia., eighty-one of them were themselves educated in those schools. The engineering department of the Iowa state university has just received from Richle Brothers, Philadelphia, a machine for testing the tension and resistance of iron and steel, to the extent of 100,000 pounds.

During his four months' outing in Europe this year Bishop Hurst (Methodist) will visit all the principal universities to pick up ideas for use in his projected universities at Washington. He is himself an old Heidelberger, and was for years the head of a theological transfer about the Covernment. training school in Germany.

Mrs. Ada North, librarian of the Iowa state university, in connection with several of the librarians of the state, and in response to a generally expressed wish on the subject, proposes to call a meeting of the lowa lib-rarians at an early date, for the purpose of rganizing a state association.

Professor Perkins, who occupies the chair of history in the Towa state university, has just published a poem entitled "Eleusis." It forms a duodecimo of about a hundred and fifty pages. Those who are competent to judge are warm in in its praise and say that t will make a place for itself in literature.

The most expensive thermometer in this The most expensive thermometer in this country is in use at the Johns Hopkins university. It is known as Prof. Bowland's thermometer, and is valued at \$10.000. It is an absolutely perfect instrument, and the raduations on the glass are so fine that is necessary to use a microscope to read graduations on

The senior class of the Iowa state university is negotiating for a fountain to be placed on the college campus as a memorial of the class. Classes '70 and '80 planted boulders, but the regents object to any more such mon-nments, while they allow a fountain. It will be dedicated with appropriate exercises on dass day.

It is proposed to publish the results of the research of the special students in the department of American history at the University of Pennsylvania in a regular series of pamphlets. Each detailed topic will be a controlled to the control of the xhausted, so that no one of the series will ever present an opportunity for a second Mrs. Julia J. Irvine, who obtained the degress of A. B. and A. M. at Cornell univer-sity, and who for two years has carried on her work with marked distinction at Leipsic.

has been appointed junior professor of Greek at Wellesley college. During an intercolle-giate contest Mrs. Irvine was the prize winner of Greek over sixty competitors. During the senior year students in the scientific and engineering courses prepare theses which are intended to be a part of the regular work at the Iowa state university. A subject is assigned and the matter is worked

up entirely by the students in the labratories of the university. After being presented they are bound and are preserved in the library. The trustees of Robert college, Constantinople, have issued a circular appealing to the friends of Christian education in America to ontribute \$150,000 for the use of the college. contribute \$150,000 for the use of the college.
It was expected that President Washburn
would follow up this appeal with personal solicitation, but long continued illness has prevented his doing this, until now he is forced

return to Constantinople after having secured only \$25,000. The excavations being pursued at Megalapelis in the Peloponnesus under the British school of archæology have resulted in some interesting discoveries. Besides uncovering the site of a Grecian theater, the excavators have found in a tumulus a small cylindrical sarcophagus containing bones and two pieces of a gold ornament similar to these dis cred by Dr. Schliemann at Mycenæ and else-

where. Harvard university is to have a beautiful Harvard university is to have a season and exclusive possession in a very valuable collection of glass flowers made by secret process by a Dresden firm named Blatcha. Three hundred or four hundred specimens have been already received. The collection, when complete, will flustrate all the families plants in North America, all economic ants and the more important of the lower lants, including enlarged parts and sections of finer details of plants for study. Mrs. Ware of Boston is the donor of this valuable addition to the facilities of the university.

SINGULARITIES.

The agricultural college professors have figured it out that two little sparrows in ten vears will produce an uncestry of 275,716,983,-

698 birds John Tarr, a Westmoreland county, Pennsylvania, farmer, recently found himself the possessor of a six-legged colt, the extra legs extending from the front knees.

A pigeon, which is supposed to be a carrier, came to F. Cole's last week at Gettysburg. It had a brass band on one of its legs, on which is stamped 8,151 and the letter K.

A. P. Gordon Cumming has discovered a species of violet on his place near Skyes ville, Md. It is a single violet, and the flower leaves are a soft white, striped or mottled with light and dark purple. They are very fragrant.

J. Leverett Story of Essex has a Baldwin apple tree which presents a curious freak of nature. One-half of the tree is in full bloom, the line being drawn exactly through the center of the tree, and the other half showing

The grapple plant of the Kalahart desert is The grappic plant of the Kalanart desert is said to be a real vegetable curiosity. In its general appearance it looks more like a star-fish than a plant, and each ray or arm is tipped with barbs, which, when fastened to the wool of sheep, have to be cut out, that being the only way of removing them.

the wool of sheep, have to be cut out, that being the only way of removing them.

A thoroughbred Poland-China sow, owned in Mount Leonard, Mo., recently gave birth to a hairless, flesh-colored monstrosity, with head, ears, teeth and one fore foot resembling a bull pup, and the rest of its body resembling a pig. All who have seen the thing unite in declaring its resemblance to the dog family, though its skin is almost human and its body that of a hog.

Charlie Lackey, of Alfharetta, Cal., has a hen which for fasting ability surpasses Dr. Tanner. On the first Tuesday in February this hen went on her nest, which was in a hellow log, for the purpose bringing into the world another egg. This she succeeded in doing, but to her utter astonishment, when her task was finished and she attempted to make her exit through the same hole that had accommodated her when she desired lagress, she could not get sufficient foothold to enable her to reach the aperture through which she had entered. At the end of the forty-fifth day Mrs. Lackey found her and rescued her from death. She had lived forty-five days without food or water. She is now fat enough to termit the appetition of a Methodist preacher. food or water. She is now fat enough to tempt the appetite of a Methodist preacher.

The Chair Took a Notion to Stroll. The action of a chair, which formed art of a display of furniture on a corner In one of the important cross-town streets, caused no little wonderment one brunette, and am inclined to think that in streets, caused no little wonderment one this question, as in so many others, the truth winday afternoon not long ago. The

DEWEY & STONE, Furniture Company, A magnificent display of everything useful and ornamental in furniture maker's art at reasonable prices

ARE YOU BUILDING?

HIMEBAUGH & TAYLOR.

1408 Douglas St., Omaha.

ORIGINAL Stove Repairs and Water Attachments

For all stoves and ranges of any description. Gasoline stoves and gas burners cleaned and repaired, work guaranteed, Robert Uhlig, Prop. Omaha Stove Repair Works, 808-810 N. 16th St. Telephone 969.

payement in front of the store is smooth, and slopes to the gutter at a considerable angle, says the New York Tribune. This chair, which had a solid back, stood right on the corner, and the wind, blowing squarely against it, cause! it to slide gently toward the gutter. The wind blew steadily, with just sufficient strength to move the chair at a slow pace. The persons who happened booking out of neighboring windows or looking out of neighboring windows or carriages, and of passing street-cars or carriages, and therefore did not feel the wind, could not imagine what had come over the chair, that it should thus gravely and sedately leave its fellows.

Even those who were on the sidewalk for the most part, never thought that the wind could be the cause of the phenomenon. A policeman across the way made up his mind that some thief had tied a thin wire to the chair, and was dragging it where he could put it into a wagon and drive off with it. The officer started toward the chair, and just then a clerk who had happene to see the runaway dashed out of the furniture-store, recaptured the flecing object, and tied it to a sofa. It took the policeman some time to understand the cause of the chair's prank.

An Absorute Cure. The ORIGINAL ABIETINE OINTMENT is only put up in large two-ounce tin boxes, and is an absolute cure for all sores, burns, wounds, chapped hands and all skin eruptions Will positively cure all kinds of piles. Ask for the ORIGINAL ABIETINE OINT-MENT. Sold by Goodman Drug company at 25 cents per box-by mail 30 cents

The wife of Mr. W. C. Chandler, a wealthy retired farmer of Jackson, Pa., eloped with Charles Lewis, a former employe of Chan-dler's the other day. Friends of Lewis held the husband while his wife and her lover caught the train. Mrs. Chandler is young and pretty, while the injured husband is border ing on the three score and ten.



Light Weight

Heavy Weight? WE HAVE THEM BOTH. Nowadays, it is wiser to

regulate one's wardrobe by the thermometer rather than the almanac.

If the morning is sultry, you are sure to need heavy trousers by evening, and vice versa.

To meet the demand of our varying season, we carry a full supply for hot days or

A specialty in extra trousers. You can afford to be comfortable.



Gasoline Stoves,

Oil Stoves,

Water Coolers, Ice Cream Freezers

Wm. Lyle Dickey & Co 1403 Douglas Street. Received a new lot of extra fine



Max Geisler, 15th St., near Howard.

GILBERT BROTHERS, Taxidermists

Specimens can be sent as safely by mall or express Send for prices. Eld N.

DEAF NESS CONED by Feel's Pat.

Receased to bery all Remedier system distinctly. Confestables

Receased to bery all Remedier system. Illustrated tests a proced

FREE. Address of call on F. HIBCOX, 648 Breadway, M. X.



DR. J. E. MCGREW. THE SPECIALIST.

DATARRH Blood, Heart, Liver, Kidneys and Bladder cured.

CATARRH and all Diseases of the Skin, Blood, Heart, Liver, Kidneys and Bladder cured.

SYPHILIS Cured in 30 to 50 days. The most rapid, safe and effective treatment known to the medical profession. Every trace of the disease removed from the blood: a complete cure guaranteed.

BOOKS For "man" or "woman", each 100 (stamps). Treatment by correspondence. Stamp for reply.

OFFICE OPEN FOR S. M. to 2 P. M. Entrance on Farmam or 14th St. trance on Farnam or 14th St., OMAHA. NEB.

SIMPSON



The oldest and largest carriage factory n Omaha for tine work, using the cele brated spring washer axle. Drafts and estimates furnished. Fine repairing a

1409 and 1411 Dodge St., Omaha.



Passage to and from Great Britain and an parts of Europe. Montreal-Liverpool route, by the waters of St. Lawrence, shortest of all. Glasgow to Boston, to Philadelphia. Liverpool to and from Baltimore. Thirty Steamers. Class excelsior. Accommodations unsurpassed. Weekly sailings. ALNAN & CO., Gon. Weel. Ag'ts.

C. J. Sundell, Manager. 112 La Salle St., Chicago, Ill.

DR. E. C. WEST'S NERVE AND BRAIN TREATMENT

Specific for Hystevia, Dizziness, Fits, Neuralgia, Wake-fulness, Mental Depression, Softening of the Brain, re-sulting in insanity and leading to misery decay and death. Premature Old Age, Barrenness, Loss of Power in either sex, Involuntary Losses, and Spermatorrhoza caused by over-exertion of the brain, self-abuse or over-indulgence. Each box contains one month's treat-ment. It abox, or aix for S, sent by mail-prepaid. With each order for six boxes, will sent purchaser grarantee to refund money if the treatment fails to consider the second money of the creatment fails to GOFDMAN DRUG CO.,

1110 Farnam Street, Omaha, Neb. TO WEAK MEN able treatise (scaled) con or home cure, FREE of lical work : should be rea nervous and debilitated Prof. F. C. FOWLER, Moodus, Conn.



DR. GLUCK,

Eye and Ear. Barker Block, 15th and Farnam. Telephone 656. CHICHESTER'S ENGLISH

PENNYROYAL PILLS.

RED GROSS DIAMOND BRAND.

Safe, sure and always reliable. Ladles, ask
Bruggist for Diamond Brand, loved installed
luxes, easied with blue rishbin. Take no otherleaded, in the province and Manar August
Chiefs of the Co. Radious Su. Fill. Fa The Property of the Partial of Manhand of the Walter State of The

Address LECLINCHE INSTITUTE, 146 & 148 William St., N.Y. BABY SERVERES FREE